

The Democratic Pioneer.

TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE CONSTITUTION.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 24, 1855.

BY L. D. STARKE.

DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.
L. D. STARKE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
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Office, corner of Main and Broad street.

POETRY.

Georgetown College.

By CALLE LYNN, of LYONSDALE.

Passing through the sacred halls,
With bairns' golden grain,
Gazing on their pictured walls,
Will other years again.

Even the valley of the Past,
Whence angels leave us last,
Is land of childhood's day.

Over classic tones I bent,
High thoughts I brooded on my heart;

In the dear home letters, sent

With joy, and made the tear drops start.

With guilt, or grief or tears,
I fill a hours of wakened thought.

A bright rainbow o'er my years,

Wishes of proudest worth,

Past, thus lit again,

And the colors once it wore—

With the capture of my brain,
Is a lovelier shore.

At length, to the Virgin's shrine,
With flowers from the wild

Bent, in such a very child.

To Ignatius' saintly shade,
Guards these treasures of the mind;

Or gold or pride e'er made
Me like thine for human kind.

My tresses like the sky,
Mrs Potomac's silver wave,

Or knowledge never die,

Leaving triumph o'er the grave.

Aug. 1843.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BETRAYER.

By KATE ALLEGRA.

Evening. The setting sun shed gold and crimson along the horizon, brightly reflected over the glittering of the sea, and flooding the land with a dazzling splendor, as if the events of his decline were the most visible existence.

On returning to the ball-room, the prince's eyes rest on a ring which Albert wears on his finger. "What a beautiful ring," she exclaims, "a dove holding in its nest a sprig of 'Forget-me-not'?" Pale and agitated, he begs her acceptance of it, and hastily striving to draw it from his finger it breaks, and the pieces fall to the floor and cannot be recovered.

"Poor Agnes!" sighed the wretch.

The morning drew near and the lovers met part. Sophia left the ball with her mortal parent, and Albert hastened to his room to make all speed to stop him, stood at his window and gazed upon the scene which the moon steeped brightly in her pale light.

He hurried him back to an ill-chosen time, the sun again checkered on his bosom—a soft sigh sounded in his ear; he turned impatiently from him and said to buy his unfitness in his life.

It was the clear cold sunset of a winter's day, the ground hidden by a mantle of snow; the sea, turbid and dark, threw up small billows, and boomed and moaned in the distance. A traveler walking at a brisk pace over the crisp ground arrested his steps at the sound of a convent bell, and listened and looked around. A peasant who had stopped to repeat his prayers drew near as if to reply to any inquiries the traveler might make.

"Is there a convent in this neighborhood?" asked the stranger. "I was not aware of it." "O yes," replied the man, "these lands and that same old castle belong to the Holy Church; they have all been bestowed by the poor countess for masses to save the soul of the lady Agnes."

"What is she dead?" inquired the stranger. "Yes," answered the man, "and the masses that have been said for her are past all reckoning. She was young and beautiful, yet dark indeed is her doom."

The knight she loved had bargained with the evil one, and he was waiting for her soul. They say she refused the rites of the Holy Church, and so died without grace. The poor countess passes all her time in prayer and penance, and has bestowed all her property on the convent which was erected by her."

The iron bath entered Albert's soul. Vain are now his hopes that a pardon from the lips of his still loved Agnes would soothe the stings of conscience and restore him to peace. A vision haunts his memory, his Agnes as she was, as she is now. A vision floats before him in the early hall; in the silent night; in the gay dance; in the hour of solitude; at the banquet, and on the bed of sickness. That vision is bent; the hair is grey; a sheet envelopes the form; the feet are bare and walk over the frozen snow. It is the broken-hearted countess, the mother of his Agnes, as he last won to love another. The creeping upwards, over her features as the girl sinks into her mother's arms, the heart of all present. They stand still, but the face of the dead is calm, as were only in a sleep and dreaming dream.

"God!" cries the priest in horror, the love of a mortal should condemn immortal soul to everlasting punishment."

"Holy Father, say not so—O no, cannot be? Can one so doomed, a countess, so calm as this? O God, my child! harmless as a lamb, a dove—can she suffer as a lamb, the most atrocious criminal?" I will not believe it. Holy Father, have recall those words." And stretching out toward the priest, the afflicted soulless at his feet.

"Land, and in re-

splendent glory he there, too, sinks to rest, but his last lingering beams are diligently excluded from the gay ball-room—where softened lights of every hue supply their place. Radiant with beauty and splendor, the thrilling strains of music swell the excitement of the giddy waltz, until those gay dancers appear—the impersonation of happiness. A young man in a military uniform, stands apart, leaning against a pillar. The close fitting coat, buttoned to the throat, displays his faultless figure to advantage. Features almost effeminately delicate are redeemed by his dignified bearing. Many bright eyes are turned admiringly upon him, but he seems entirely indifferent to admiration as he stands absorbed in a deep reverie.

Suddenly, amidst a buzz of admiration, the crowd divides, and the royal party advance towards that part of the room where the young man is standing, their waving plumes and sparkling gems adding magnificence to the scene.

"Albert," whispers a young and lovely girl whose jewel'd hair is worth a prince's ransom. "Albert, I will now dance with you; do not look so sad, come with our party." "Your highness honors me," is his delighted reply. "I am at your command," and with pride in his heart and triumph in his aspect, he leads her to the dance, publishing to the assembled crowd of envious courtiers the preference that the fair princess bestows on him. The dance being ended, waits and fatigued they thread their way to the garden. The hours have worn on, and the glorious sunset has given place to the serene moonlight. Despite the triumph he has achieved, there lies a load at Albert's heart. He remembers an evening such as this, in a land far away—a hand on his arm and eyes that looked into his. But he exerts his self-control, shakes off the vision and closes the past from his memory.

"Albert," said the lady, "thou art silent, thou art silent."

"It is the excess of my happiness has made me silent," he replies; "the heart overburdened with joy finds no words strong enough to express its feelings—therefore, am I silent. Let your highness prove me."

"Highness," she exclaims, "what a cold and formal word!" I am a novice in these matters, but I fear you loves another; if it is so, do not deceive me, Albert."

"I swear by all on earth and in Heaven, dearest Sophia, I never loved but thee."

"And thou hast never loved another?" she says, inquiringly.

"Never," he boldly replies; "where could I find one to equal thee?" "And no passing fancy then has ever filled thy heart? false thou never wouldst be, I well know," she gently whispers. For a moment he is silent, but the stake was great, and he must throw boldy—I have never loved but thee, Sophia," he replies. "Albert," sighs the wind; why does the young man start? The voice of the wind sounds sweet and low, like a voice he has heard before in a distant land. Why should that voice come to trouble his happiness? to thwart the triumph of his ambition?

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THE EMIGRANT'S SABBATH.

BY DAVID STONE.

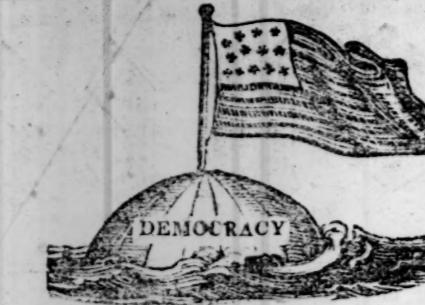
on those who are to come after him. He knows that masses or prayers will not help the dead; and he cannot banish the fear that the sin which hangs so like a burden upon his soul, will not only bereave him of comfort in his dying hour, but leave its bitter fruits in the misery of those fair girls like the Agnes whom he betrayed.

on conditions that she should not desert the paternal roof. Her husband came to live with her, and the trio were far more united than could have been expected. The new member of the family was possessed of a pliant disposition, and had a special dislike to an argument, so that John Dutson's will was still paramount in his home. Henry Wheeler, the son-in-law, took hold of the little farm with the old man, and the world prospered with them. Two beautiful children, the eldest a boy which strongly resembled his father, and a daughter, a second Grace, who bore the impress of her mother's gentle temper, were added to the household group but nothing was still heard of the absent Robert. Grace had desired to name her eldest after the wanderer, but her father resolutely opposed it, and so she gave up this cherished desire of her heart.

But we left John Dutson fixed in a purpose to move to the West, and this is what we are just coming to. Every New Englander remembers the first year of the *pioneer's* life. How sadly the unexpected blight came upon the farmer's hopes, at a time when man's were depending upon this crop for all the year's ready money. It had been a favorite crop with Dutson, and he was bitterly tried with this disappointment. He was too well rooted in Christian principle to utter any murmurs against Providence, but his heart grew all the harder and his manner sterner under this rebuke. He was not of a hopeful temperament, and could see no relief in the future, so he suddenly resolved to sell out his farm, and enter upon a new life in the western wilderness. His resolve was speedily executed. Providing himself with a stout, covered wagon, and equipped with the brief outfit for a pioneer's cabin, he resolutely started for his new home. No moisture dimmed his eye as he crossed for the last time the threshold which habit, if nothing else must have endeared to him. His heart seemed to beat with a steady, though painful, pulse, and he was soon in the western wilderness. His resolve was speedily executed. Providing himself with a stout, covered wagon, and equipped with the brief outfit for a pioneer's cabin, he resolutely started for his new home. No moisture dimmed his eye as he crossed for the last time the threshold which habit, if nothing else must have endeared to him. His heart seemed to beat with a steady, though painful, pulse, and he was soon in the western wilderness. His resolve was speedily executed. Providing himself with a stout, covered wagon, and equipped with the brief outfit for a pioneer's cabin, he resolutely started for his new home. No moisture dimmed his eye as he crossed for the last time the threshold which habit, if nothing else must have endeared to him. 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SKIES BRIGHT AND BRIGHTE
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Democratic Pioneer.



TUESDAY MORNING, April 24, 1855.

ATTENTION DEMOCRATS:

There will be a meeting of the Democrats of Pasquotank county at the courthouse in Elizabeth City, to-day (TUESDAY) at 1 o'clock, for the purpose of appointing delegates to the Gatesville convention. It is hoped that every Democrat who may be in town will attend the meeting.

THE FAIR!

The ladies connected with the Episcopal Church of this Town opened their Fair last evening in the new store of Thomas R. Cobb, and spread out before the public a most attractive display of useful and ornamental articles. Exquisite taste has been displayed by the ladies in getting up these articles, and those desirous of aiding them in their efforts and of purchasing something neat and elegant will do well to call in and see them.

The eating department is most admirably represented by every delicacy which the taste of an epicure can desire. A dinner will be served up by the ladies to-day at 1 o'clock, and our Town and country friends who wish a good supply of creature comforts will find it to their interest to pay a visit to the Fair between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock, P. M. The Fair will continue to-night and to-morrow.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—We invite particular attention to the new advertisements in today's Pioneer. Messrs Knox & Jackson have laid in a most complete stock of Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Gaiters, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Vases, &c., which they are selling off at moderate profits. Mrs. Margaret Casey has just returned from the North with a handsome assortment of Donnells &c., which she offers to the ladies on moderate terms. Until her store is fitted up, (which will be during the last of the present week) she may be found at the residence of Capt. Albert Curran, immediately in rear of the Farmers' Bank.

JONES & BUTT.—These gentlemen have taken the stand formerly occupied by Robert Watkins, and are prepared to do all kinds of work in their line (coach making and repairing) at the shortest notice and on the most agreeable terms. Their stock of buggies, sulky's, harness, whips, &c., will compare favorably with any similar establishment in the District of Edenton—Jones & Butt are go-ahead men, and are always up for a trade. Their motto is, "Push along keep moving."

The "Sentinel" is evidently hard up for a leader, and in the absence of anything better to employ his time, the editor imagines all sorts of propositions, saddles us with their paternity, and then in the most labored attempts to be witty, sets to work to demolish them. He says he is *wonderfully* struck with the "sudden religious inclination of the 'Pioneer'." Well, now we don't know who could have flung such a "brick" into the "Sentinel's head."

Again: "We do not accept the offer of the 'Pioneer' to be our tutor in morality. Now if we ever offered to become the tutor of the Sentinel editor in anything, we are entirely ignorant of the fact. There are some who are given over to hardness of heart and utter perverseness of nature. We can be more profitably employed than in tutoring the editor of the Sentinel."

The so-called American Party of Cincinnati have met and passed resolutions denouncing the recent outrage in the destruction of the ballot-boxes in that city and disclaiming "all knowledge and agency in these acts of violence, and condemn them in the most unqualified terms." This is rich. They join in the cry of "stop thief," in order to divert attention from themselves. Commit murder and then suddenly appear with a jury of inquest, and with sanctified faces render a verdict of denunciation against the perpetrators of the diabolical deed. Stab a man in the back, and then propose to aid him in searching out his assailant. Fie upon such corruption!

No, no, IT AIN'T A WHIG CONCERN.—In the First Congressional District in Virginia the Know-Nothings have nominated Capt. Samuel Waits in opposition to the Hon. John S. Millson. In Norfolk, Princess Anne, Nansemond, and every other county in Eastern Virginia where nominations have been made by that party, Whigs have been selected. Still it is not a Whig movement. Certainly not. It is all a mere accident that they happen to stumble upon Whigs more suitable for the several offices.

A NOSTLE PLEADER.—In Sullivan county, Ia., one of the candidates for county clerk was pleading to give one-half the proceeds of the office to the widow of the late clerk, and the other promised in the event of his election to marry the widow.

"You want a floggin', that's what you want," said a parent to his unruly son.

"I know it, dad, but I'll try to get along without it," said the brat.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

We saw a strange traveling arrangement in the street Wednesday, consisting of a vehicle, or chair on wheels, somewhat resembling a velocipede; the motive power, residing in the carcass of a big fat goat was hitched behind, and pushed its own and its master's way through the world, affording conclusive evidence that nothing was made in vain, the tendency of the goat to push with the head being evidently designed to qualify it for this class of service.

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W. G. WASHINGTON.

A QUEER AMBITION.—We read and hear every day of some man who has been so remarkably successful as to *die* worth a million, and so on. We don't see the beauty of the thing. We don't think it makes much difference to a dying man whether he is worth a million or not. We should like to live worth considerable, and enjoy it. What's the use of dying worth a million?—*Wilmington Journal.*

IS IT A WHIG TRICK?

We, in common with nearly the entire Democratic press of the country, have warned the members of our party against the advances of the Know-Nothings, as the resort of a defeated and desperate political organization, known in other days first as the Royalists, then as the Tories, then as the Federalists, then as Whigs, and now as the self-styled Native Americans. We have denounced it from first to last as a "Whig trick," and each day but serves to strengthen us in the estimate we have placed upon its real character.

In the North we have seen national conservative Democrats—men whose fealty to the Constitution and laws, was only equalled by their devotion to the great principles of American Independence—ostracised from places of high trust and honor to make room for partisan gamblers, who, having bartered every political principle upon which they hoped to ride into power, for the miserly pittance of a handful of crazy supporters, now seek to accomplish their fell designs through the agency of an organization, which, if successful, must trace its triumphs in the ruins of the Constitution and the destruction of civil and religious liberty.

Everywhere that elections have been held since the birth of this new party, with but few exceptions, the Democracy, who have in every instance nominated a regular ticket, have been defeated. Now the question is, if this movement be not a Whig trick, and the scheme of Whig politicians to get into power, who defeated the Democracy? It cannot be laid at the door of the American party proper: for outside of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, they have never had strength enough to carry even a municipal election. Then who defeated the Democracy? The question may be answered by asking another, the reply to which solves the whole mystery of our recent defeat—it is this: *Where is the Whig party?* We answer—in the bosom of Know-Nothingism, if not sitting in secret conclave with that unpatriotic body burning the midnight oil in discussing plans of party warfare, at least meeting them at the polls and casting a common vote uniformly against the Democracy. True, there are a few honorable exceptions; but the instances are most rare in which we find those who have acted with the old Whig party refusing to follow the great mass of that once proud organization into the caverns of Know-Nothingism. We repeat, the great body of the Whig party have gone over to the new Order, (we make no discrimination between actual members and sympathizers,) but we are also proud to say, that the soul of that chivalric old party revolts at the contamination of the men of principle have announced their determination to associate with a party of principle, and that henceforth they will be found in the ranks of the Democracy.

But again. If it be not a Whig movement, what has become of the Whig party? Why is it that we have no Whig nominations now-a-days? Why is it that in Kentucky and Virginia we have no *Whig* nominations for State officers? Say the defenders of Know-Nothingism, that party is dead. Well, how dead? Have its individual members paid the great debt of nature and actually ceased to breathe? If not, they still live and act politically in some form or other. Now the question is, who do they co-operate with? Certainly not with the Democratic party of those States, for if they did there would be a mighty slim showing for the Know-Nothings, we think; and yet the Whigs—or those who used to be—are crowning over the anticipated defeat of Mr. Ellis's moral reputation by remaining hidden from the public. Mr. Ellis defends himself in an article covering three columns of his paper, in which he fails in making out a clear case. He admits that he was expelled from the Masonic Lodge in Manchester, Va., on the charge of actual fraud. Mr. Ellis says:

"The moment we heard of the expulsion,

we returned home from Alabama (800 miles) to Virginia, on horseback, and

after a brief space returned with a whole budget of fools-cap, and procured Valentine's signature to the same, of which the above is a fair synopsis.

E. D. B. HOWELL.

The Washington Globe republishes Mr. Wise's masterly letter against Know-Nothingism, and says truly that it will be "a sad and ominous day for this country should it unfortunately arrive, on which the nation sanctions the first attempt since the adoption of the Federal Constitution at anything like religious persecution. Let the Roman Catholics be put down. What then? We cannot say, nor can any of the Know-Nothing prophets, if perhaps they have among them. But what may happen is—that three or four of the strong Protestant denominations may combine, and disband and demolish, or absorb all the rest—some twenty or thirty; and then fall out among themselves and carry on the game of the *strong oppress the weak* until they are all pretty well used up, and the country transformed and deformed into a spiritual and military despotism, or into an anarchy of Socialists, Red Republicans, and Isafils. A Democrat, knowing that we intended to publish Mr. Wise's letter, said to us, "Is it impossible that you can swallow him, well knowing, as you do, his abuse of the Democratic party in days past?" To whom we replied, "We will recollect now nothing of his past course, nor will we know any Democratic or Whig party, when the common enemy, the Know-Nothings, are in the field. We frankly confess, that if we had been in a convention convened for the purpose of selecting a Democrat to oppose a Whig, we would not have selected Mr. Wise for the standard bearer of Democracy. But, on the other hand, if we had been in the convention which selected Mr. Wise to put down this "new Gilder," we would have voted for him first and last, and all the time."

A GOOD HIT.

At the festival in New York, of Henry Clay's birthday, the Rev. Sam. Osgood

made the speech on the occasion, in which he raked the secret oath-bound order of Know-Nothingism in the following style:

"The Democratic party cannot die—its

men may be defeated for a thousand causes

that occur in the political elements of the country—its principles may be condemned

very existence may be considered

jeopardy—but die it cannot while there is

a people to think, to speak, to write—

Every element in our political organization

may change—constitutions may crumble

—revolution may follow revolution

—party names may rise one day to be

buried the next—but the great principles of

self-preservation opposed to bad principles,

bad government, and bad men, will endure

whether in power or out of power, in tri-

umphs or in defeat, in prosperity or in ad-

versity. Was there any die in the prin-

ciples around which Democrats rally as a

party basis, its extinction would long since

have taken place for good, and kings and

emperors would beat case forever from so

dangerous element."

Hon. Geo. Bancroft was in Raleigh, on

Friday last, on his return from a tour

through Florida, South Carolina, Char-

lotte, Salisbury, Greensboro, and Hillsbor-

ough. The Standard learns that he evinced

a deep interest in Charlotte, as the spot

from which the first declaration of Ameri-

can independence was sent forth to the

world; and that he visited and spent some

time on the battle-field of Guilford Cour-

thouse, near Greensborough. He was

anxious to visit the University, and to pay

his respects to Gov. Swain and others of

the Faculty, but was compelled by want of

time, to forego this gratification.

A handsome young widow applied to a

physician to relieve her of three distressing

complaints, with which she was afflicted.

"In the first place," said she, "I have

little or no appetite. What shall I take

for that?"

"For that, madam, you should take air

and exercise."

"And, Doctor, I am quite fidgety at

night and afraid to lie alone. What shall

I take for that?"

"For that, madam, I can only recom-

mend that you take—a husband!"

"Fie! Doctor. But I have the blues terribly. What shall I take for that?"

"For that, madam, you have, besides

taking air, exercise, and a husband, to

take a newspaper."

VALENTINE HECLELLER.

It is an old adage, "you must fight the devil with fire," and the precious band of patriots styling themselves "Native Americans" are acting up to it in good earnest. Recently they made a descent upon the slaughter-pen of the above celebrity, (Heschler is a butcher, and it is said can bleed a sheep or scald a hog equal to the most learned of his profession) as vulgar a specimen of Dutchdom as ever abjured the realm of Fader Land, and demanded of him his views of "De Know-Nothings." At once Heschler dropped his sheath-knife, kicked the bull-ring to one side, threw off the old bed-tick apron, all besmeared with the blood of a freshly slaughtered pig, and with a short Dutch pipe in his mouth, began:—

"Shentlemen, ven I comes to dis country I comes for de reason dat I thinks I make more monish. I do not vant office, because I am not fit to hav office. If I been fit to hav office, I would not hav come to dis country. I been one Wig ever since I comes to dis country, because Iinks de Wigs is in fafy of per-

fecting me (here he gave a very consequential puff, not the most agreeable to the al-

factions of the natives) in mine work, and dey pe not agoin to perfect de damned shentlemen vat is in Germany. Drue, shentlemen, I hab never been axed for to take

yon office, put for dis I am very glad, as I

should be compelt to decline de honor, ant I drust, shentlemen, de object of your visit

to mine slaughter pen ish not for de purpose

of forcing upon me de honors of de

State. (Another satisfactory whiff.) Dus, you see, shentlemen, I shun von Know-

Nothing. Pesites, I peen tree times ruine

here—twice py fire and once py robbery,

and even times de Wigs and de Demkrats helps me; put I no git von cent from tawn foriners. Dis is vy I pe a Know-

Nothing. Den dae is de Catolicks. I p-

go in Paltimore von time along wid

Mister Miller, and he take me to see de

"Elephant." He was von pig Elephant—

pig as life. It was von Garman Catolick

Priest; he peen half all de time in his

hand; he peen nooon paper and he preach noting

but politics. Dis, shentlemen, is my story, and dis ish vy I shun a Know-Nothing."

The gentlemen declared themselves perfectly satisfied (we suppose, or Valentine would have taken it amiss) withdrew, and after a brief space returned with a whole budget of fools-cap, and procured Valentine's signature to the same, of which the above is a fair synopsis.

THE NATION SHALL RULE AMERICA.

At a meeting of the Democracy in Nan-

semond Co., Va., recently held at the

Court-house, E. D. B

**THE
CITY, BOOT AND SHOE STORE.**

KNOX & JACKSON,
(Successors to J. M. Whedbee.)

WOULD inform their friends and the public
generally, that they have just received
in Philadelphia, a large and varied assort-
ment of
Shoes, Hats, Caps, Trunks, &c.

Each stock, if examined, will be found to
contain the following articles:—Ladies' boots
shoes, Galuchat, black, fawn, bronze
and other colors; Linen gaiters; English and
French leather; thick and thin soled; a superior bronze
silk; Misses' boots, bootees and slippers; French
blue, goat, patent leather, and other boots;
blue, goat and bronze slippers, various styles;
children's boots, caps, hats, and gaiter boots;
green with assortments do.; colored gaiter
extremities. WEAR.—Superior French cult-
tured American do.; patent leather do., a
few articles, perched boots of various styles
S2 to S5; Gaiter boots, Scotch brogans
and cap boots; various styles of kid, calf,
Moccasins, etc.; children's kid, horse hair, &
leather, and a very superior article of boys'
WEAR.—Children's youths' boots; bootees
of various qualities and styles.
HATS AND TRUNKS.—A large as-
sortment of various styles, from a
boy's wool hat to a S5 silk beaver,
including every variety between said
travelling and sulky Trunks, and Valises, a
stock.
The above goods have been laid in on favor-
able terms, and will be sold at reasonable profits
to our customers. Be sure to call at the
of the Black Boot on Road Street.

KNOX & JACKSON,
City, April 21, 1855.

PUBLIC SALE

**VALUABLE PROPERTY IN PAS-
QUETANIA AND PIRQUELMAS
COUNTIES, C.**

WILL BE SOLD, at the office of the Court-
house in Bedford City, N. C., on SAT-
URDAY, the 1st day of May next, one tract of land
containing 100 acres, more or less, ad-
joining the lands of Mr. H. Davis and others,
the lot and unfinished building, together
with a quantity of building material, corner of
Road Streets, in Elizabeth City, form-
ing the site of the "Mansion House," and
several improved and unimproved lots in said
soil.

SO—Before the County-lease door in
the Bedford, on MONDAY, the 14th day of
April, for the first (first day) the following
parts of land, situated in the county of
Bedford, containing 50 acres, more or
less, adjoining the lands of Na-
ther and others: One tract containing
more or less, known as the "Old Plan-
tation," adjoining the lands of Wester-
ley and others; One tract containing
the lands of Gen. and others; Two other parcels
containing 100 acres, more or less, ad-
joining the lands of Gen. and others; Two
other parcels, formerly owned by Dr.
John Hall's store.

The above named property sold at the instance
of the late Col. James Lee,

and made known on days of sale.

PEPE S. SKINNER,
W. H. RIDDICK,

A copy and send bill to this office.

NOTICE.

NOTES WILL be received until the first
of May next, to BUILD A CHURCH
near the residence of C. L. White-
head.

Persons wishing to contract can
call for specifications either by letter or
by applying to the Rev. A. Wiles,

J. JENNINGS,
A. BROTHERS,
W. W. KENNEDY,
E. W. WHITEHEAD,
April 23, 1855.—24.

SCHOONER FOR SALE!

WILL BE SOLD, at public auction
at the wharf of C. M. Lavelle, in this
place, on SATURDAY, the 28th day of
April, at 12 o'clock, M., one-half of
a schooner.

ELIZABETH COWELL.

Cotton herring, copper-hasted, and
each yard, can be sold to sea.

One hundred and twenty 300 cords
wood, to be delivered at the water's
edge, &c. &c. by the admr. of Wallis Bray.

It is the place famous for great inducements to
purchasers.

JAMES SMITH,
22 door east of Talbot st., Norfolk, Va.

SPRING GOOD! SPRING GOOD!

JUST opened and opening this week a splen-
did assortment of
SPRING GOODS,

all the fashionable styles of Silks,
Brocade Laines, Breeches, Greenings, Printed
Laws, Broderies, Shawls, Trimmings, &c.,
and all bought under our own eyes to afford them at great bargains. The Bee Hive
is the place famous for great inducements to
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JAMES SMITH,
22 door east of Talbot st., Norfolk, Va.

WOOD! WOOD! WOOD!

THE subscriber has about 50 cords of Pine
Wood, well seasoned, at the float-bridge,
in various sizes, which are offered at \$2 per
cord. It is convenient for steamers to get
and ready made furniture, and having
secured the services of competent and
experienced workmen, they beg leave to inform
the public that they are now prepared to furnish
or make to order any article in their line upon
the most reasonable terms, upon the shortest
and in the highest finish and most approved
patterns.

We determined that our work shall lose
nothing by comparison with the best northern
manufacture, either in style, beauty or skill, and
we therefore appeal to the public for not only a
confidence, but an increase of the patronage
that has been extended to our predecessor.

Metallic and other Coffins furnished upon the
shortest notice.

T. PARR & CO.,
Eliz. City, N. C.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned having at FEB-
RUARY TERM of Currituck County Court,
qualified as Administrator upon the estate of
Wallis Bray, dec'd., all persons indebted to him
as such Administrator, are requested to make
immediate payment, and those having claims
against him as Administrator of said W. Bray,
dec'd., are requested to present them duly auth-
orized, or this notice will be plead in bar of
their recovery.

B. N. BRAY, Adm'r.

SPRING GOOD! SPRING GOOD!

JUST opened and opening this week a splen-
did assortment of
SPRING GOODS,

all the fashionable styles of Silks,
Brocade Laines, Breeches, Greenings, Printed
Laws, Broderies, Shawls, Trimmings, &c.,
and all bought under our own eyes to afford them at great bargains. The Bee Hive
is the place famous for great inducements to
purchasers.

JAMES SMITH,
22 door east of Talbot st., Norfolk, Va.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned having determined to
change his business, adopt this method of
returning his thanks to his numerous friends
and patrons for their kind custom, and re-
spectfully ask a confirmation of their favors for
his new business.

He is located in the neighborhood of Martin
County, N. C.

The above reward will be given to
any person who will furnish information
as to the time for bargains.

JAMES DAVIDSON,
Hart Bertie Co., N. C., April 10, 1855.

SPRING.

ENG. do., for Boys 10 years old and
upwards.

FRANK VAUGHAN & CO.

SPRING.

AT THE BEE HIVE, Elizabeth City, offers
professional services to the citizens of
and surrounding County. He will also
attend to business from Newbern Creek and
place next door to the Post-office, on
corner of Williams's Hotel, ap 17.

\$25 REWARD.

THE undersigned on the 2d of
this month, two young Boys, named Johnson
and Johnson, are about 14 years old, and
both of a bright yellow color. They
are lost in the neighborhood of Martin
County, N. C.

The above reward will be given to
any person who will furnish information
as to the time for bargains.

JAMES DAVIDSON,
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ENG. do., for Boys 10 years old and
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NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the late John M.

A. Shanhouse are hereby notified to come
forward and make immediate payment, and all
persons having claims against the same, are re-
quested to present them duly authenticated, with
the time prescribed by law, unto W. G. Gooch,
Granberry, (E. City,) or this notice will be
plead in bar of their recovery.

W. M. A. KINSLER,
Box 1228, Philadelphia, Pa., Post Office.

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quest

EXECUTION OF MAJOR ANDRE.

The following interesting account of the execution of Major Andre, October 2, 1780, as given by an eye witness, has been extracted from the Historical Collections of New Jersey:

I was at that time an artificer in Colonel Juduthan Baldwin's regiment, a part of which was stationed within a short distance of the spot where Andre suffered. One of our men, (I believe his name was Armstrong,) being one of the oldest and best workmen at his trade in the regiment, was selected to make his coffin, which he performed, and painted black, agreeably to the custom in those times. At this time, Andre was confined in what was called a Dutch Church, a small stone building with only one door, and closely guarded by six sentinels. When the hour appointed for his execution arrived, which I believe was two o'clock p.m., a guard of three hundred men were paraded at the place of his confinement. A kind of procession was formed, by placing a guard in single file on each side of the road. In front were a large number of American officers of high rank on horseback. These were followed by a wagon containing Andre's coffin; then a large number of officers on foot, with Andre in their midst. This procession moved slowly up a moderately rising hill, I should think about a fourth of a mile to the west. On the top was a field without any enclosure. In this was a very high gallows, made by setting up two poles, or crotches, and laying a pole on the top. The wagon that contained the coffin was drawn directly under the gallows. In a short time Andre stepped into the hind end of the wagon; then on his coffin; took off his hat and laid it down; then placed his hands upon his hips, and walked very upright back and forth, as far as the length of his coffin would permit; at the same time casting his eyes upon the pole over his head, and the whole scenery by which he was surrounded. He was dressed in what I should call a complete British uniform; his coat was of the brightest scarlet, laced or trimmed, with the most beautiful green. His under clothes or vest and breeches, were bright buff very similar to those worn by military officers in Connecticut at the present day. He had a long and beautiful head of hair; which, agreeably to the fashion, was wound with a black ribbon, and hung down his back. All eyes were upon him; and it is not believed than any officer of the British army, placed in his situation, would have appeared better than this unfortunate man.

Not many minutes after he took his stand upon the coffin, the executioner stepped into the wagon, with a halter in his hand, which he attempted to put over the head and around the neck of Andre; but by a sudden movement of his hand this was prevented. Andre took off his handkerchief from his neck, unpinched his shirt collar, and deliberately took the end of the halter, put it over his head, and placed the knot directly under his right ear, and drew it very snugly to his neck. He then took from his coat pocket a handkerchief, and tied it over his eyes. This done, the officer that commanded (his name I have forgotten) spoke in rather a loud voice, and said that his arms must be tied. Andre at once pulled down the handkerchief he had just tied over his eyes, and drew from his pocket a second one, and gave it to the executioner, and then replaced his handkerchief. His arms were tied just above the elbows, and behind the back. The rope was then made fast to the pole over head. The wagon was very suddenly drawn from under the gallows which, with the length of the rope, gave him a most tremendous swing back and forth; but in a few minutes he hung entirely still.

During the whole transaction, he appeared as little daunted as Mr. John Biggers is said to have been, when he was about to be burned at the stake; but his countenance was rather pale. He remained hanging, I should think, from twenty to thirty minutes; and during that time the chambers of death were never stilled than the multitude by which he was surrounded. Orders were given to cut the rope and take him down without letting him fall. This was done, and his body carefully laid on the ground.

Shortly after, the guard was withdrawn, and spectators were permitted to come forward and view the corpse; but the crowd was so great that it was some time before I could get an opportunity. When I was able to do this, his coat, vest and breeches were taken off, and his body laid in the coffin, covered by some under clothes. The top of the coffin was not put on. I viewed the corpse more carefully than I had ever done that of any human being before. His head was very much on one side, in consequence of the manner in which the halter drew upon his neck. His face appeared to be greatly swollen, and very black; much resembling a high degree of mortification. It was indeed a shocking sight to behold. There were at this time, standing at the foot of the coffin two young men, of uncommon short stature. I should think not more than four feet high. Their dress was of the most gaudy that I ever beheld. One of them had the clothes just taken from Andre, hanging on his arm. I took particular pains to learn who they were, and was informed that they were his servants, sent up from New York, to take his clothes; but what other business, I did not learn.

I now turned to take a view of the executioner, who was still surrounded by one of the posts of the gallows. I walked high enough to him to have laid my hand upon his shoulder, and looked him directly in the face. A more frightful being I never beheld, his whole countenance bespeaking him to be a fit instrument for the business he had been doing. Wishing to see the closing of the whole business, I remained upon the spot until scarce twenty persons were left, but the coffin was still beside the grave, which had previously been dug.

I now returned to my tent, with my mind deeply imbued with the shocking scene I had been called upon to witness.

Why was the first day of Adam's life, the longest ever known? because it had no Eve!

Be not idle. If your hand cannot be usefully employed, attend to the culture of your mind.

A Yankee who was lying at the point of death has whistled it off, and is slowly recovering.

Clothing and Clothing Materials.

NAVY DEPARTMENT.
Bureau of Provision and Clothing.

April 2, 1855.

SEPARATE PROPOSALS, sealed and endorsed "Proposals for Navy Clothing and Clothing Materials," will be received at this office until 3 o'clock, p.m., on the 1st day of May next, for furnishing and delivering, (on receiving, sixty days notice,) at each or either of the navy-yards at Charlestown, Massachusetts, Brooklyn, New York, or Gosport, Virginia, the quantities below mentioned of all the following-named articles of navy clothing and clothing materials, and such further quantities of the same as may be ordered by the chief of this bureau, or by the commandants of the said navy-yards respectively, during the fiscal year commencing on the 1st day of July next, and ending on the 30th day of June, 1856, viz:

Pedestrian, made of blue pilot cloth	2,000
Royal-Jackets, made of blue cloth	2,000
Trowsers, made of blue cloth	3,500
Blue flannel overshirts	5,000
Blue flannel undershirts	5,000
Blue flannel jumpers	3,000
Blue flannel, the piece	yards 2,000
Broadcloth, sheet cloths	2,000
Cotton, dark trousers	2,000
Cambric, cheeting, in the piece	yards 15,000
Cambric, check, in the piece	yards 5,000
Blue cloth caps	4,000
Caffet-skin shoes, high cut	pairs 4,000
Woolen socks, Nos. 1 and 2	pairs 8,000
Mattresses, (with two covers each)	2,000
Satinin, blue	yards 500
Black silk handkerchiefs	3,000
Blue satin, towels	3,000
Blue satin, in the piece	yards 5,000

The cloth for the pea jackets shall be twilled into a cloth of American manufacture, pure indigo blue, wool-dyed. It shall be 34 inches wide, and weigh 26 ounces per yard. It shall have a list on each edge composed of 24 white threads, of all wool. All pieces weighing less than 25 ounces per yard will be rejected; and each per yard of about 300 yards must average 26 ounces per yard.

The cloth for round jackets, blue cloth trowsers, and blue caps shall be twilled all wool, of American manufacture, and pure indigo blue, wool-dyed. It shall have a list on each edge composed of 24 white threads, of all wool. All pieces weighing less than 25 ounces per yard will be rejected; and each per yard of about 300 yards must average 26 ounces per yard.

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